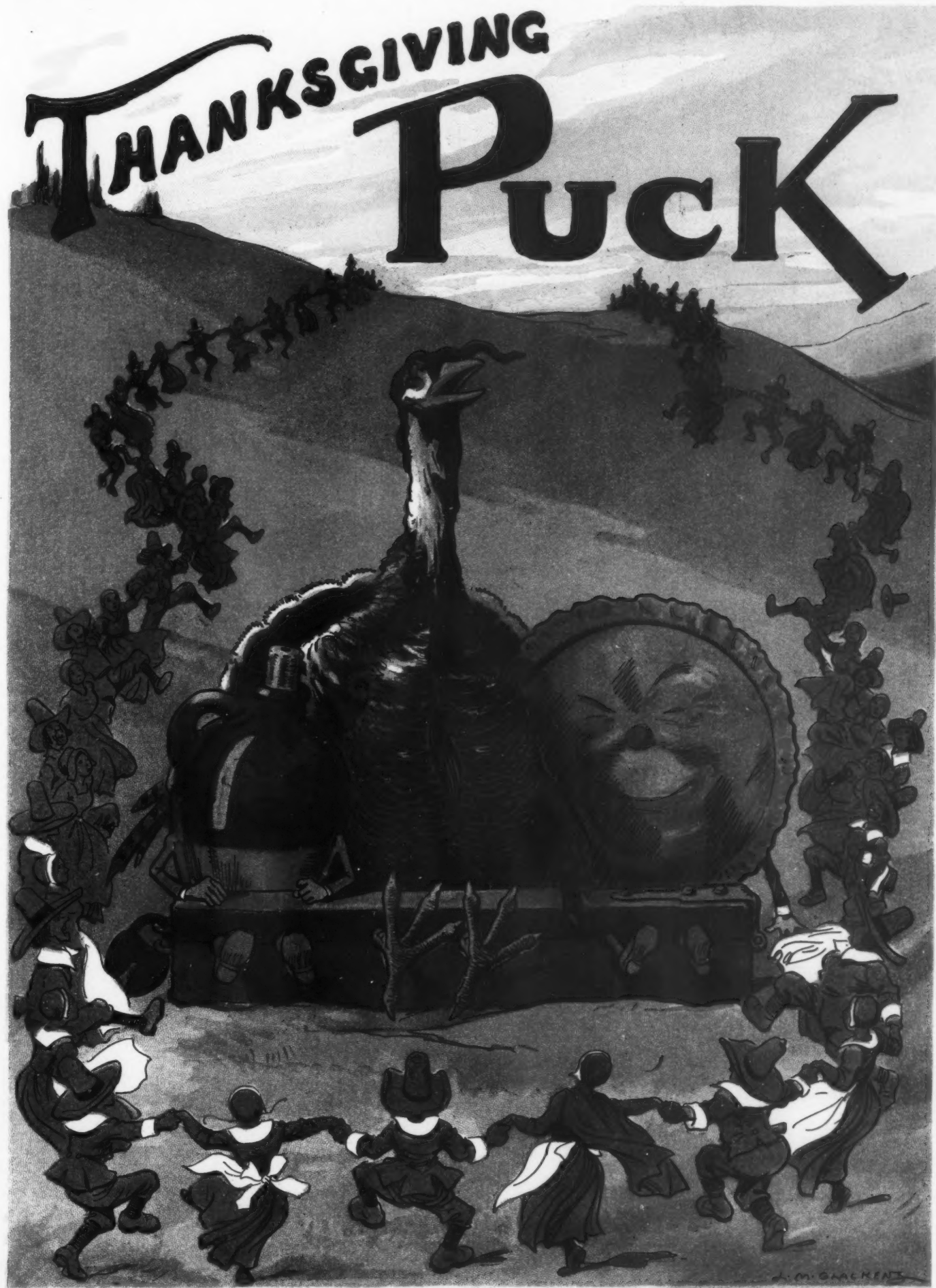


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Cartoons and Comments

WHY MUST MURPHY GO? WHY all this hue and cry that "MURPHY must go"?

Why should MURPHY go? We can understand readily enough that, still smarting under the lash of defeat, many members of Tammany feel that MURPHY ought to abdicate, but why should the advocates of

good civic government join in the cry for his scalp? After the result of the last New York election, a result most happy to all whose political ideals are higher than the curbstones, the opponents of Tammany should desire nothing better than that MURPHY stay. Was it not MURPHY, and the type of political bossism which MURPHY represents, that had most to do with the crushing defeat of Tammany Hall? Was not MURPHY the big issue of the campaign? Decidedly. Therefore, with MURPHY retained in the Tammany leadership, those who "fuse" against the Wigwam may be sure of a continuance of the sort of offensive bossism which MURPHY practises. With MURPHY still in the control of Tammany, nobody would believe a story that the Hall was to reform itself and be good. That Tammany will ever reform itself is about as likely as that the leopard will change his spots; but there are people who *think* it will, every time it changes bosses. When CROKER got a bad licking in his last active campaign there was much talk of a reformed Tammany. The net result of

this talk was MURPHY, a fine type of Tammany house-cleaner! It would have been better, infinitely better, for good government in New York if, after being beaten and discredited, CROKER had been permitted to stick as leader. Nobody had any doubts as to where CROKER stood with regard to municipal misgovernment,

and his continued presence on Fourteenth Street would have been both incentive and warning to the Anti-Tammany cause. Now, after varied unpleasant experiences, New York knows precisely as much about MURPHY's politics as it did about CROKER's, and MURPHY's continued presence on Fourteenth Street will likewise be

both incentive and warning to let Fusionists do their level best in campaigns to drive a Tammany leader out of control of the city government; but, once he is driven out, don't insist that he be deposed from Tammany leadership also. Be satisfied. A continuation of MURPHY's leadership will be as money in the bank for future Fusion. If they are wise, Fusionists will let the Tammany hordes do all the worrying as to the fate of MURPHY.



LITTLE EVA MURPHY.
SHE HEARS THOSE ANGEL VOICES CALLING.

IN preaching Bull Moose doctrines in South America, Colonel ROOSEVELT takes upon himself a large responsibility. Judging from cable dispatches, his speeches are popular; the seed which he sows is not falling upon stony ground. Every South-American nation wants to hear him, and having heard him, then what? Argentina and Brazil have been treading the path of progress with dignity and calm of late years. We tremble to think what a Bull Moose movement might do to their civic stability. It has in it the germs of a revolution which would make South America look all to the Venezuela.

STICKTOITIVENESS



HERE is one quality that comes in for a lot of praise at the hands of boosters, cheer-up poets, and optimists-for-revenue-only. This is the quality of sticktoitiveness. The idea is that when a young man tackles a job he should go to the mat with it; never letting go his strangle-hold until death does them part. Not to be a rolling-stone; ah, no. To be a fixture; to be right there every morning when the gong strikes; never to have an errant impulse; never to reach after the moon; just to stick-to-it.

Now, there is nothing essentially admirable about the quality of sticking to a thing. The postage-stamp is useful, but nothing for a human being to imitate. Many articles of lesser merit have the quality of sticking fast. Chewing-gum, fish-glue, fly-paper, wet shirts, mud, bores, and poor relations, are famous for their adhesiveness. They all have their uses, but there should be no reason for men to envy their status.

Moss sticks to trees. Lichens stick to rocks. Barnacles stick to the sides of ships. Some married people will stick to each other when they would be happy if amputation were performed. The static sticks; the dynamic strolls around looking for change. The static says: "See, I am here for good; you cannot dislodge me." The dynamic replies: "Who wants to dislodge you? Stick, if you like it. As for me, I'm going to blow."

Spiders have sticktoitiveness developed to a marvelous degree. Tear down Mr. Spider's web a dozen times, and each morning you will find it carefully repaired and reconstructed, ready for business. This is persistent, but not clever. The darn-fool spider might save himself all that trouble by moving his seat of industry over into a safer locality. A caged lion walks up and down his prison day after day, year after year. He sticks to it, hoping to find a hole somewhere. If he had a little more perception and a little less sticktoitiveness he would lie down awhile and perfect a plan to bat the keeper in the ear the next time he enters the cage.



THE GOOD CITIZEN.

HE Good Citizen does not keep a dog. He does not wear side-whiskers. He keeps his children in the country or in the attic.

His conversation in the cars is not punctuated by the words "deal," "ten thousand dollars."

On the cars he does not stare at the poor woman's purse.

He does not keep a dog.

He does not act so religiously on Sundays that his neighbors hasten to embrace paganism.

He does not furnish his boy with an air-gun and with letters-of-marque to prey upon the lives of his neighbors' children.

He rightly mistrusts his own boy more than any other boy in the street.

He never stands in the door of the elevator.

He does not run to you with trumped-up falsehoods about your boy.

Such is the Good Citizen. It is unnecessary to repeat, of such a man as this, that he does not keep a dog.

PLENTY OF TIME.

HE.—Why, it's 'most eleven o'clock! I must go.

SEE.—Don't be in a hurry; I never retire before a quarter-past eleven.

ENCOURAGING.

STRUGGLING AUTHOR (who has just read his latest story to his wife).—There! That's the best thing I ever did.

HIS WIFE.—Yes, dear. What magazine shall you send it to first?

A FABLE.

A HUMORIST who journeyed at Night stopped at the House of a Friend.

"Welcome to Thee," said his Friend. "Hast Thou had Aught to relieve Thy Hunger?"

"Verily, I have," replied the Humorist. "I have Fed on the Fat of the Land and the Sky. I stretched forth mine Hand, and took the Dipper and filled it with Milk from the Milky Way; I placed it on some Ice from Iceland, and set it Down to cool. Then fetched I some Greens from Greenland and a Sandwich from the Sandwich Islands; to this I added a Shank from Turkey, a Greaser from Greece, and Butter from Moscow. Such was my Repast."

"Very good," said his Friend. "I need not Disturb my Servants to bring Thee wherewith to Eat."

MORAL.—All things are univocal to some people. And a Humorist should be serious when there is a meal in it.

MERIT.

MRS. BEEZLEY.—Please tell me what baking-powder do you use?

MRS. VANSOCK.—Bumley's, of course! It is positively the only absolutely pure adulteration of the article in the market.



IN THE BARNYARD.

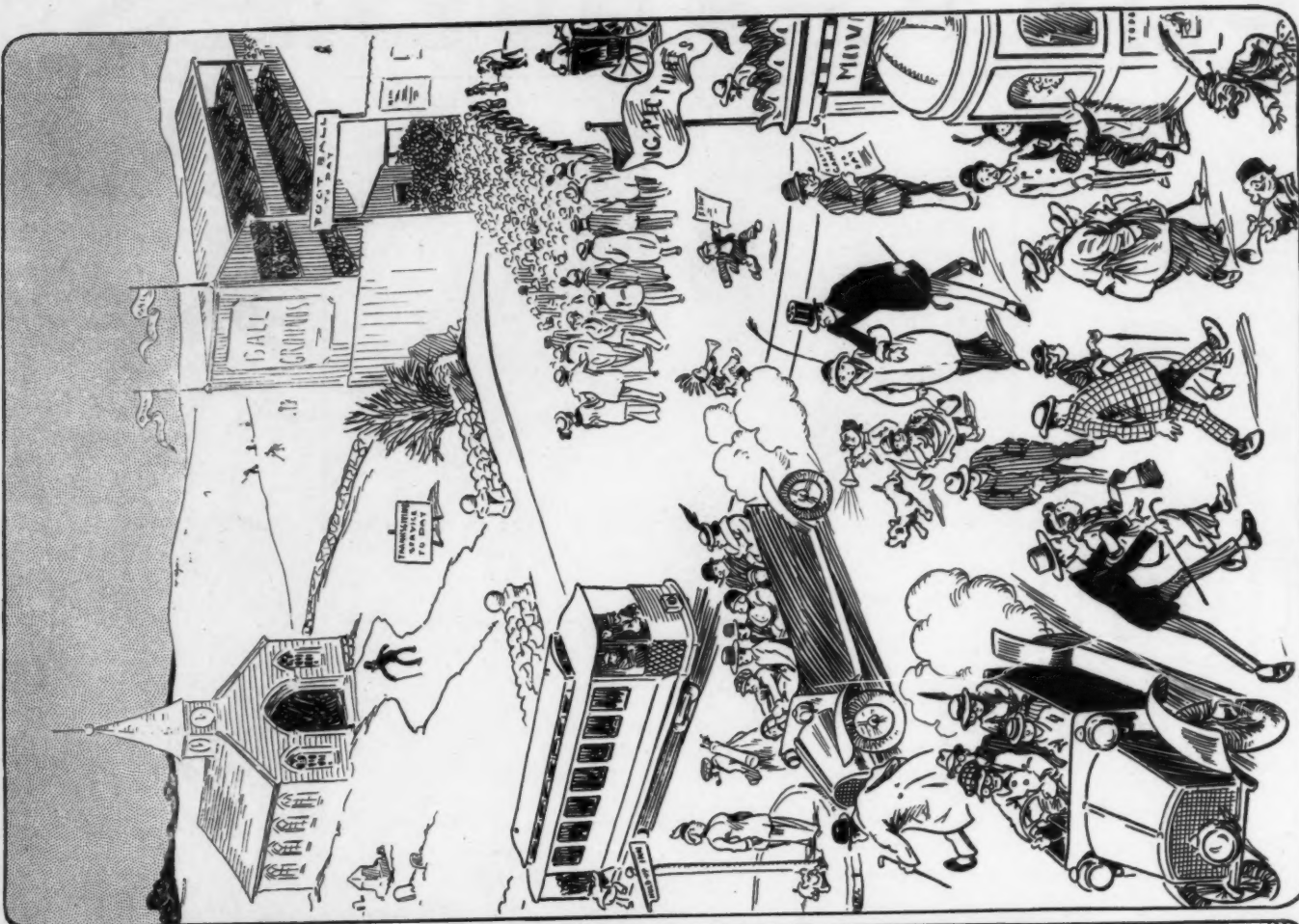
OLD VET. GOBBLER, WHO HAS BEEN THROUGH A DOZEN THANKSGIVING CAMPAIGNS, TELLS OF HIS HAIRBREADTH ESCAPES.

No matter what fool things you try to do, you won't get laughed at if you succeed.

THE SPIRIT OF THANKSGIVING.



IN THE OLDEN TIME, GOING TO CHURCH.



IN THE PRESENT, GOING EVERYWHERE ELSE.

THE PEDESTRIAN IS THANKFUL FOR THE RIGHT TO BE ALIVE.



"GET BACK ON THE SIDEWALK!"



"GET OUT OF THE WAY!"

EAST-SIDE GASTRONOMY.

SLIDERS (waiter at the Morning Glory Restaurant, at 11:55 a.m., pushing his head through the kitchen slot till his shoulders ache).—Fired up fer 'm, Nate?

THE COOK.—Yep.

SLIDERS.—Ketch der ords right off der bat t'-day. Der jays is goin' t' fly good.

THE COOK (tossing a "one out").—Paste 'm in, Nibsy.

SLIDERS (entering the fray).—What's yours, boss?

CLOTHING SALESMAN.—You may bring me a chicken patty and a glass of milk.

SLIDERS.—Ain't got a singer left, boss.

SALESMAN.—Make it fried bacon, then.

SLIDERS (fog-horning).—Hollercost rooter, an' drive der cow! What you goin' ter crawl over?

MR. PEEBREY (from Westchester).—I want a dish of tripe an onions.

SLIDERS (callioping).—Yard 'f towelin' wid frangipannys! Got it, Nate?

THE COOK.—Yep.

SLIDERS (to newsboy).—Keep out 'r d' gangway, an' yer won't git knocked down. Dere, don't crack yer tear-jar. I did n't hurt yer. G' lang over in der corner an' lick dat 'lasses off der table-clot'. Oh, you don't git no 'tention, Mr. Vanderbilt? Whatcher want?

LODGER (from Nepenthe Hotel, next door).—Corn-beef hash an' cup 'r coffee—an' quick, too!

SLIDERS.—Shut up! (Again exploding.) Cattle-train smash up an' kill a Narab! Party's goin' ter die, nex' week 'll do? What's yours?

COLORADO CUSTOMER (who has drifted over from the West Side).—Liver 'n' aigs, fr'en'.

SLIDERS.—Set der guinea on a fried pincushion.

MESSENGER-BOY.—What 'll five cents buy?

SLIDERS.—Lot down ter Canarsie 'f yer hit der right party.

MESSENGER-BOY.—No kiddin', now. Gimme t'ree cakes an' a glass of water.

SLIDERS.—Drop der buck-shot! Her's yer bath. Hurry up 'dem quaits, Daisy (this to the dishwasher at the rear). Good-morning, sir! (Turning a little pale.) Hope I did n't give no 'fense after dat dance last night? (Takes the helmet and club and hangs them up.)

THE OFFICER OF THE BEAT.—No. Only don't holler when I dust th' club with yer th' next time. It's liable to keep folks awake. I want roast beef with Spanish onions, mashed potatoes, green corn, celery, Vienna rolls, and a cup of coffee.

SLIDERS.—Knock der steer! (Correcting himself.) Chef, serve out roast beef wid Spanish injuns, mashed pertates, green goo—corn, salary, Vienna rolls, an' coffee. Officer Slattery's came!

NOT SO EASY.

"**E**RE comes a benevolent-lookin' old cove," said a gentleman of leisure to his chum. "Let's tackle him fer the price of a night's lodgin'."

"Don't yer think of it, Bill," hastily responded the other, seizing his arm. "Let's wait for somebody that's half-full. Them benevolent-lookin' ducks allus wants t' organize a society, elect a board of directors, an' hire a hall afore they give ye a quarter. I don't want ter stay up all summer!"



ON HIS STOMACH.

THE THANKSGIVING TURKEYS ENJOY A TURKEY TROT.

The man who tries to hear all sides becomes anxious to hear the end before he gets through.



FOR THE THANKSGIVING DINNER.

COUNTRY FATHER (*in a whisper to his son's buller*).—Mister James, here's one of mother's pies. We ain't said anything about it; sort of kept it as a surprise. Just put it on the table somewhere!



AN IMITATION HERO.

VIOLET MCSLAB.—I hate ter black yer eye, Chimmie; but if yer going to keep company wit' me, yer must look like a football hero, even if yer ain't one!

THANKSGIVING OR FEASTING?



THE rooster in the hen-house,
The turkey in the yard,
The duck upon the water,
The black hen scratching hard,
The tough old gander waddling,
The piglet at its play,
The rabbit in the wildwood,
The squirrel fat and gray.
Each woke one morning sighing:
"Thanksgiving Day is near,
And that has but one meaning—
The end of my career."

"Oho!" the sparrow twittered,
And winked his beady eyes;
"Men care not for Thanksgiving,
'T is but the feast they prize."

A great commotion followed.
"I'll go," each gladly cried,
To some green spot sequestered,
Where I may safely hide."

Their threats were executed,
And on that day, 't is said,
There were no glad thanksgivings,
But curses deep, instead.

Then came a small bird chirping
(A sparrow 't was, they say),
"What fools you are to stand it!
Why don't you run away?"

Clara J. Denton.

IN THE WEST.

FIRST CITIZEN.—Pete is getting to have a lot of newfangled notions.
SECOND CITIZEN.—What's the latest?

FIRST CITIZEN.—He says he has a prejudice agin lynchin' a man on circumstantial evidence.

PROBABLY.

NODD.—My baby had his picture taken yesterday and, while I have n't seen it, they say it is as natural as can be.

TODD.—What view?

NODD.—I did n't ask, but I suppose it's a throat view.

HOW IT LOOKED.

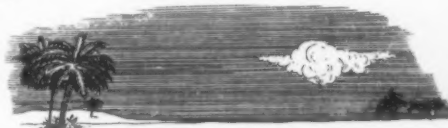
COUNT SPAGHETTI.—I have come to ask for your daughter's hand in marriage. I love her.

MR. COMMONSTOCK.—But what makes you think I don't?

OUT OF CHARACTER.

ROSE, a lioness, died recently in her cage in Central Park. She was twenty-three years old and had never bitten anybody. She roared for her dinner, but she roared as gently as any sucking dove. They called her "Good Old Rose" because she was so good-natured and the keepers "thought everything of her."

The fact is, Rose should have been a rabbit. Who the dickens wants to have a lioness hanging round feeding out of a person's hand and looking kindly into children's eyes? That's nothing for a lion, the king of beasts, to be doing, or for a lioness either. A lion ought to ramp up and down the cage, looking blue-murder at human beings. He ought to bite the end off a crowbar just for spite. When possible, he ought to break loose and eat an attendant. Then he would be in character. A lion out of his part is as bad as John Drew as Hamlet, as bad as a politician with kindly feelings toward Woodrow Wilson, as bad as a burglar that leaves the spoons because he suddenly remembers his mother. They are all atrocious misfits.



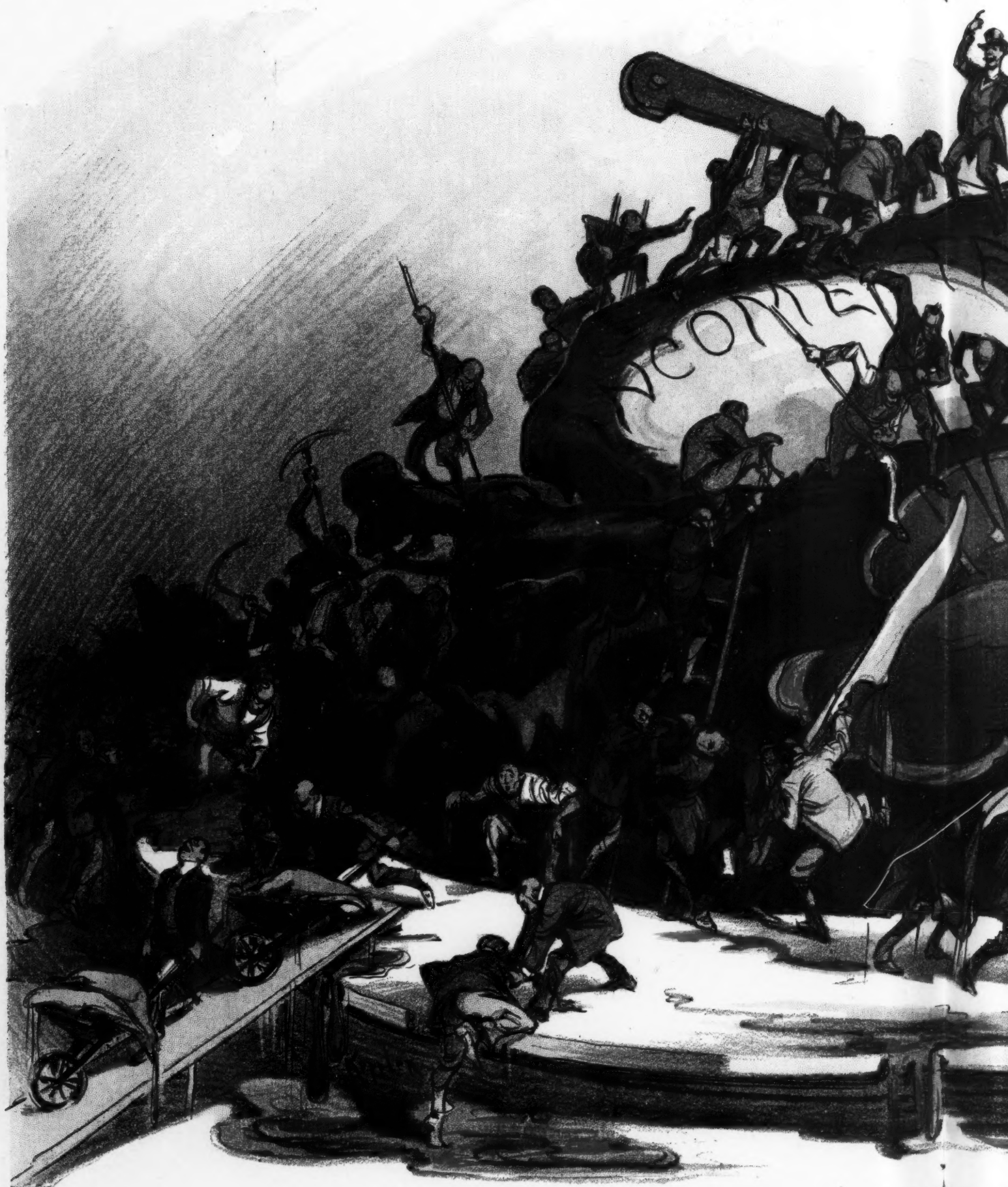
We have misfits enough without adding to them any more. We find a man who seems to be a conscienceless scoundrel. The more we hear about him, the more perfect, as a villain, he seems. We begin to endow him with all the romance of sin, and look up to him as the ideal protagonist of the Devil, when all of a sudden we discover that he is good to his mother and helps old ladies across the street. Down comes the idol with a crash. Remorseless criminals break down and cry, and on the threshold of the gallows sign a pledge to use no spirituous liquors. Good men, ideal fathers of families, have a bad habit of forging a check for \$1.25, or otherwise blasting the reputation of a lifetime. For one reason or another most folks want to be something else rather than what they were meant to be. Rose was kind—that merit may not be gainsaid; the point is, she should not have been kind, any more than a lamb should be cruel. Humans! Take notice of the misspent, misfit life of Rose.



WHAT CITY FOLKS DRINK.—V.

SOME OF THE MICROBES FOUND IN A DROP OF WASHINGTON WATER.

Generally speaking, the arbitrator is the only person who is satisfied with the results of arbitration.



THE PUCK PRESS

LAWYERS AT LEAST HAVE PLEN

PICK



HAVE PLENTY TO BE THANKFUL FOR.

HERE AND THERE IN STAGELAND.



With the Variety Artistes.

ALTHOUGH the headliner at Proctor's Fifth Avenue was none other than Valeska Suratt, Bohemia's uncrowned queen—a million in jewels and gowns in the sumptuous spectacle of seductive appeal, "Black Crêpe and Diamonds" (we quote from the program), what made the biggest hit with the large lady who sat in front of us was a musical act modestly billed: "Just Two Talented Boys." One of the boys was so talented that he could stand on his head and play "Silver Threads Among the Gold" at the piano. The Lady in Front of us thought it was a classical piece and just what mamma would have enjoyed, because, she told her friend, mamma did n't care much for theatres unless she could see a good play or something real refined. We liked Valeska best. There may have been a million in jewels and gowns in her "sumptuous spectacle of seductive appeal," and then again there may not. At present any sum larger than twenty dollars in cash means nothing to us. Anyway, there were some very classy clothes in the act.

Miss Suratt herself wears more clothes in one scene than Billy Watson's entire Beef Trust aggregation wore when we saw them last season. Try to imagine fireworks and a brass band in a modiste shop and you will have some idea of her last costume.

Up at the Colonial, Olga Nethersole is giving a two-day presentation of "Sapho." Of necessity Miss Nethersole can only give one act of the play, but the program is quite equal to the occasion, and in two inches of program space hands out the entire story, with what was in Daudet's mind when he wrote it thrown in for good measure. The day we attended, Jean was in such a hurry to get away from Sapho's embraces that he nearly took the walls of the house with him.

Miss Torlajada at the Forty-Fourth Street Music Hall is a very Spanish lady who sings several songs, smokes one cigarette, throws a "kees" to the house, and talks to herself in Spanish. Otherwise she is all right. *W. E. Hill.*

A RURAL DIRECTORY.

(Long lane—two miles from anywhere. URCHIN standing at side of road, chewing hickory bark. MAN FROM TOWN comes driving along in buggy.)

Man from town: "A little man, can you tell me where Mr. Sanford lives?"
 Urchin: "Thir?"
 Man from town: "I say, are you well enough acquainted with the neighborhood to direct me to Sanford's?"
 Urchin: "No, thir."
 Man from town: "Do you know anyone that could?"
 Urchin: "Thir?"
 Man from town: "I say, do you suppose there's any one close by who could show the way?"
 Urchin: "No, thir."
 Man from town: "Is that all you can say, 'thir' and 'no, thir'?"
 Urchin: "Thir?"
 Man from town: "I say, do you want to make ten cents?"
 Urchin: "Yeth, thir."
 Man from town: "Well, whose house is that yonder?"
 Urchin: "Parth an' marth."
 Man from town: "Who is your father?"
 Urchin: "Thir?"
 Man from town: "Here's your dime; what's your pa's name?"
 Urchin: "Tham Thanfud."



FATHER'S THANKSGIVING.

SANTA CLAUS.—Remember! Christmas is only four weeks off, old man!

THE WIDOW'S WAIL.

THE SOMBRE mourning habit served but to enhance her dazzling beauty.

"Mamma —"

In the hour of her trial she turned to the maternal breast for comfort and support.

"—I don't know what to do. Alone and helpless, I fear the competence my poor husband left may be taken from me, although the last words of his lips —"

Great tears clung to her curving lashes.

"—bade them give me all. His children contest the will; I know not which way to turn."

A mother's hand caressed her, and a mother's voice whispered soothingly:

"Be brave, my child; be brave."

"Mamma —"

She was sobbing now.

"—I w-w-want to k-k-keep my own. I shall be a b-b-beggar without it."

"Don't cry, dearest."

"Mamma, advise me. Shall I m-m-marry my l-l-lawyer, or the one on the other s-s-side?"

The thought that her fate was in her own hands was terribly oppressive.

WHY
HE.
SHE.
money?
HE.
SHE.
harshly
HE.
SHE.
your bag
HE.
SHE.
mamma
HE.
SHE.
HE.
SHE.
what ma
HE.
SHE.
you to do
HE.
SHE.
to do?
HE.
SHE.
fear I am
EX
PATENT
get
our new
His P
from thre
soprano
NOT A
CHAP
wo
man that
MAY.
your chan
HE K
RUBE
R what
HIRAM
never bou
OUR
"A the
hin
"And h
"Died?
failure?"
Mrs.
ain't been
Mrs.
life, too.

WHAT HE PROMISED HER.



SHE.—You will love me always?
HE.—Passionately, my darling.
SHE.—And you will never cease to love me?

HE.—Never, my darling.
SHE.—And you will save your money?

HE.—Every cent.
SHE.—And you will never speak harshly to me?

HE.—Never.
SHE.—And you will give up all your bad habits?

HE.—Everyone of them.
SHE.—And you will get along with mamma?

HE.—Yes.
SHE.—And papa?

HE.—Yes.
SHE.—And you will always do just what mamma wants you to do?

HE.—Yes.
SHE.—And just what papa wants you to do?

HE.—Yes.
SHE.—And just what I want you to do?

HE.—Of course.
SHE.—Well, I will be yours, but I fear I am making an awful mistake.

EXPERT TESTIMONY.

PATENT-MEDICINE MAN.—Did you get any more testimonials for our new cure for obesity?

HIS PARTNER.—Here are letters from three jockeys and a grand-opera soprano.

NOT A PROFESSIONAL BEAUTY.

CHAPPY.—Jess told me she would n't marry the handsomest man that ever lived.

MAY.—Well, that does n't affect your chances, does it?

HE KNEW DIFFERENTLY.

RUBE HAY.—An article's worth what the owner kin git fer it.

HIRAM WHIFFLE.—I guess yew never bought a gold brick, did yew?

OUR LANGUAGE AGAIN.

AT the last moment his heart failed him.

"And he died, eh?"

"Died? No. Think he had heart failure?"



REPARTEE.

MRS. WOMBAT.—Mah husban' ain't been arrested in twenty-five yeahs.

MRS. COOPLEY.—Mine's up fo' life, too.

Get an appetite with
the clean, pure, healthful

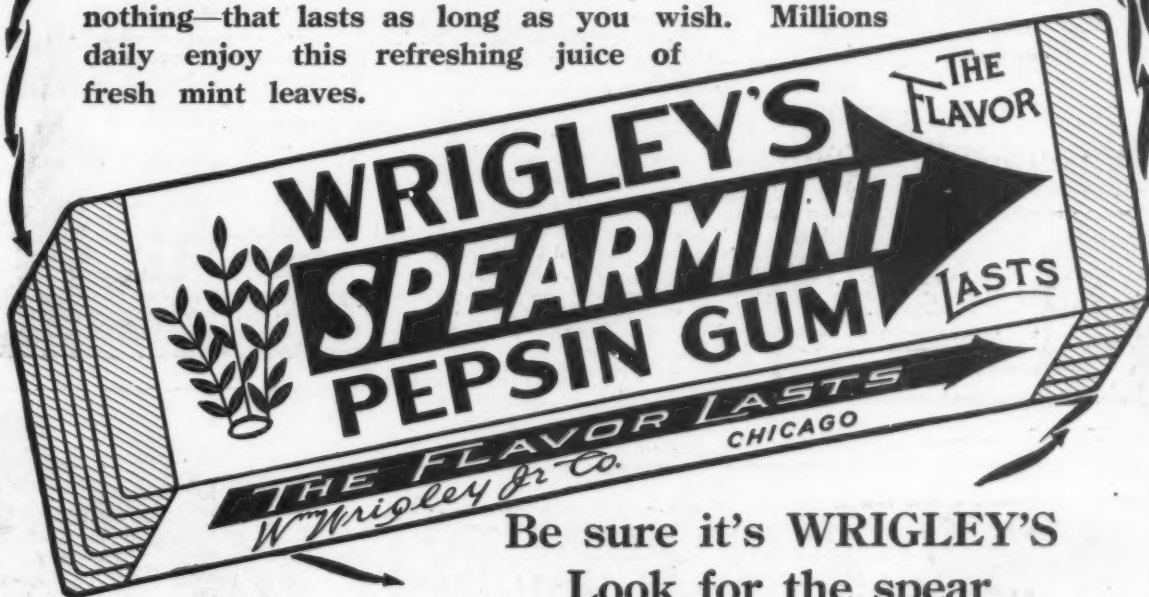
**WRIGLEY'S
SPEARMINT**

**Chew it
after every
meal**

**BUY IT
BY THE
BOX**

It's enjoyment that
helps you enjoy other things. It
makes your food and digestion friends.
Your breath is pure—your mouth is cool—your
teeth are bright afterward.

It's the before and after-meal dainty that costs almost
nothing—that lasts as long as you wish. Millions
daily enjoy this refreshing juice of
fresh mint leaves.



**Be sure it's WRIGLEY'S
Look for the spear**

VERY UNFORTUNATE.

Young Henderson, who has graduated in medicine, is very fond of giving wise opinions on all matters.

One day, while calling on an elderly woman, she remarked:

"One of the greatest sorrows in my life is that I have never had any children."

"Ah!" said Henderson. "Perhaps it was—ah—hereditary. Did your mother have any children?" — *Sunday Magazine.*

FIRST NEGRO. — Say, what mean dis heah word "nucleus"?

SECOND NEGRO. — Sumpin' what odder things gether 'bout.

FIRST NEGRO. — Uh-huh! Den I was one las' week when I upshot a beehive in de dahk. — *Baltimore Sun.*

THE SINS OF THE FATHERS.

Tommy came home from school very morose. "Well, my son," observed his father, cheerfully, "how did you get on to-day?" Tommy had been whipped and kept in.

"It was because you told me the wrong answer," he added. "Last night I asked you how much was a million dollars and you said it 'was a hell of a lot.' That is n't the right answer." — *California Outlook.*

HAD IT LOCATED.

"Which tooth are you going to have pulled, Sam?"

"Upper six, sah," answered the Pullman porter. — *Courier-Journal.*

"MANDY, what did your husband say about the scenery of New York City and its environs?"

"Nothing. All he talked about was the awfulness of the styles of dress the women wore." — *Age-Herald.*

SUNNY BROOK

THE PURE FOOD WHISKEY



The Inspector Is Back Of Every Bottle

In the life of even the best of us, there are days when "all the ginger seems to have been knocked out of us", and the world looks "mighty blue". At such a time you will find in Sunny Brook—The Pure Food Whiskey—a safe, satisfying, pleasant stimulant, which will almost instantly brace up your entire system, and put new life into body and brain. Its strongly developed medicinal properties makes the use of Sunny Brook, in moderation, highly beneficial and healthful.

The Largest Distillers of Fine, Old Whiskey in the World are back of Sunny Brook—The Pure Food Whiskey—besides, Sunny Brook is bottled under the Green Government Stamp, a positive assurance that it is U. S. Government 100%—and that it reaches you with its natural purity and matchless quality fully preserved.

SUNNY BROOK is now bottled with our own patented "Twister" stoppers. One twist uncorks or re-corks the bottle tight. No Need for Cork Screws.

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 Tell you thoroughly, carefully, impartially, the latest of public affairs—how to spend the week and improve the power of your democracy and equal rights. We will send you the following:
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 If you will send us the names of five persons interested in the progressive cause.
LA FOLLETTE'S WEEKLY, Dept. P
 MADISON, WIS.

"Ships of Sunshine"

Because they take you over smiling seas to the lands of sunshine and cheery skies, known the world over as the "American Mediterranean," including Porto Rico, Bahamas, Cuba, Mexico, Florida, Texas and Santo Domingo. You can choose no better route than these splendid big steamers of the AGWI Lines.

Write us today and let us plan your trip. Address:

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 NEW YORK—290 Broadway
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 WASHINGTON—1306 F. St., N. W.

THE SUPPLY FAILED.
 Years ago it used to be the custom of the country folk to work out their taxes by boarding the teacher, which meant that from time to time he was supplied from various quarters with food.
 One day a boy named Elisha Anderson sought the teacher and said:
 "Say, teacher, my pa wants to know if you like pork?"
 "Indeed, I do," was the reply.
 "Say to your father that there is nothing in the way of meat I like better than pork."
 Some time elapsed and there was no pork from Elisha's father, a fact that in no way surprised the teacher, for the old man was known throughout the country as a tight proposition. Nevertheless, one afternoon the teacher asked the boy: "How about that pork, Elisha, that your father promised me?"
 "Oh," answered the boy, "the pig got well."—*Harper's Monthly.*

Club Cocktails


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1913

"THE CUNJUR."
 TWO DARKIES bought a piece of pork, and Sam, having no place to put his share, trusted it to Henry's keeping. They met the next night and Henry said: "A mos' strange thing done happen at ma house las' night, Sam. All myst'ry to me."
 "Wha' dat?"
 "Well, Sam," explained Henry, solemnly, "dis mawnin' I go down in de cellar for to git a piece of hawg fo' breakfas', an' I put my han' down in de brine an' feels 'roun', but dey ain't no po'k dar—all gone; so I tu'n up de bar'l an', Sam, sho' as preachin', de rats had done et a hole c'lar froo de bottom of dat bar'l an' dragged de meat all out!"
 Sam was petrified with astonishment for a moment, and then said: "Why did n't de brine run outen de hole?"
 "Well, yo' see, Sam," replied Henry, "dat's de myst'ry."—*Argonaut.*

SPADES are no longer trumps at Panama.—*Washington Post.*



RUTH (to parent who has just become a father for the fifth time).—Oh, daddy, ain't I a lucky girl? Fancy! A poached egg for breakfast and a new baby brother both on the same day!—*Punch.*

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THE doctor looked him over and, after meditating awhile, said: "You must drink hot water with your whisky. Otherwise you must n't drink it at all."

"But how shall I get the hot water?" the patient queried, plaintively. "My wife won't let me have it for the whisky toddy."

"Tell her you want to shave," said the doctor, and took his departure. The next day the doctor called and asked his wife how the patient was.

"He's gone raving mad," his wife replied. "He wants to shave every ten minutes."—*Argonaut*.

"I DON'T think your father feels very kindly toward me," said Mr. Staylate.

"You misjudge him. The morning after you called on me he seemed quite worried for fear I had not treated you with proper courtesy."

"Indeed! What did he say?"

"He asked me how I could be so rude as to let you go without your breakfast."—*New York Globe*.

"FOR weeks and weeks after my husband died I was unable to sleep."

"I hope you are all over that now?" her sympathetic friend replied.

"Yes. The lawyers finally found his insurance policy in a safety-deposit box that he had never told me about."—*Age-Herald*.

"DON'T you think man is influenced by his environment?"

"Not always. I once knew a man who drove a sprinkling-cart for nine years and died of acute alcoholism."—*Boston Transcript*.

VISITOR.—Do your children go to school?

MOTHER.—Not yet. They're studying sex hygiene, eugenics, and bacteriology.—*Town Topics*.

"Two heads are better than one."

"Not the morning after."—*Washington Herald*.

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"Uh-huh!" said the doctor. "How much did you take at a time?"

"Why, doctor," said the professor, "I took a teaspoonful before each meal in a glass of water."—*Argonaut*.

"MARS must be a poor market for silk hose."

"Why do you think so?"

"Professor Lowell says it never rains on Mars."—*Milwaukee News*.

MISTRESS.—What made you leave your last place?

MAUD.—Sure, an' nothin' made me leave! I jist left!—*Kansas City Star*.

"HE told me he had a leaning toward the church."

"Was he sober?"—*Town Topics*.

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EDITOR.—Have you submitted these poems anywhere else?

POET.—No, sir.

EDITOR.—Then where did you get that black eye?—*London Opinion*.

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THEY ALL SAY IT;
AND THEY ALL SLANDER THEIR PARENTS.



1) WILLIE'S PAPA. — There, Willie! There's a lot of white meat and some dark meat for you, besides a heap of dressing. When I was a little boy, all I got at Thanksgiving was the neck!



2) WILLIE'S GRANDPA (to Willie's Papa, thirty years previous). — There, William! There's a lot of white meat and some dark meat for you, besides a heap of dressing. When I was a little boy, all I got at Thanksgiving was the neck!



3) WILLIE'S GREAT-GRANDPA (to Willie's Grandpa, sixty years previous). — There, Henry! There's a lot of white meat and some dark meat for you, besides a heap of dressing. When I was a little boy, all I got at Thanksgiving was the neck!



4) WILLIE'S GREAT-GREAT-GRANDPA (to Willie's Great-Grandpa, ninety years previous). — There, James! There's a lot of white meat and some dark meat for you, besides a heap of dressing. When I was a little boy, all I got at Thanksgiving was the neck!

(So on, ad infinitum.)



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A BOY WITH A FUTURE.

"Ma," exclaimed young Teddy,
bursting into the house, "Mrs. John-
son said she would give me a penny if
I told her what you said about her!"

"I never heard of such a thing!"
said his mother, indignantly. "You're
a very good boy not to have told! I
wouldn't have her think I even men-
tioned her. Here's an apple, sonny,
for being such a wise little lad."

"I should think I am, ma. When
she showed me the penny I told her
that what you said was something
awful and worth sixpence at least!"

—Answers.

YOU will eat your Thanksgiving din-
ner with a better appetite and zest
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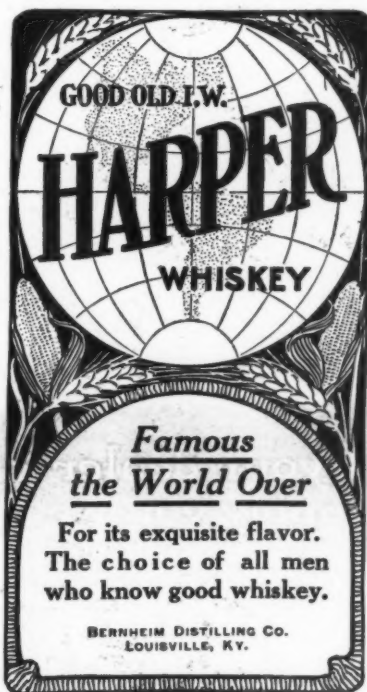
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"Do you think the motor-car has
come to stay?" asked one man of his
neighbor.

"Well," replied the other, "there
was one out in front of my house to-
day which I thought had, but they got
a horse after a while and towed it
home." —Picayune.



"KATE says she intends to marry
Mr. Plunks to reform him."
"What is his vice?"
"He's a good deal of a miser." —
Sketch.

MRS. BROWN.—Here's an account
of a new cooking utensil that will boil
and steam and poach eggs all at the
same time.

BROWN (a grouch). — And why
does n't it scramble and eggnogg 'em,
too? —Plain Dealer.

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can you, John?

HER LORD AND MASTER.—N-no, my dear.—California Pelican.

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"They still do it, my boy; they still
do it." —Detroit Free Press.

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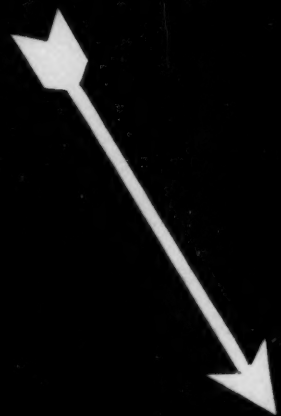
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